Nor arme nor face, ô be ſome other name
Belonging to a man.
Whats in a name that which we call a roſe,
By any other word would ſmell as ſweete,
So *Romeo* would wene he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that tytle, *Romeo* doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my ſelfe.
Ro. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but loue, and Ile be new baptizde,
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo*.
Iuli. What man art thou, that thus beſchreend in night
So ſtumbleſt on my counſell?
Ro. By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare ſaint, is hatefull to my ſelfe,
Becauſe it is an enemie to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.
Iuli. My eares haue yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongus vttering, yet I know the ſound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague?*
Ro. Neither faire maide, if either thee diſlike.
Iuli. How cameſt thou hither, tel me, and wherfore?
The Orchard walls are high and hard to climbe,
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen find thee here.
Ro. With loues light wings did I orepearch theſe walls,
For ſtonie limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can do, that dares loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.
Iu. If they do ſee thee, they will murther thee.
Ro. Alack there lies more peril in thine eye,
Then twentie of their ſwords, looke thou but ſweete,
And I am proofe againſt their enmitie.
Iuli. I would not for the world they ſaw thee here.

Ro. I

Ro. I haue nights cloake to hid
And but thou loue me, let them f
My life were better ended by the
Then death proroged wanting of
Iu. By whoſe direction foundſt
Ro. By loue that firſt did pron
He lent me counſell, and I lent hi
I am no Pylar, yet wert thou as fa
As that vaſt ſhore waſheth with t
I ſhould aduenture for ſuch marc
Iu. Thou knoweſt the mask of n
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepai
For that which thou haſt heard m
Faine would I dwell on forme, fai
What I haue ſpoke, but farwell co
Doeſt thou loue me? I know thou
And I will take thy word, yet if th
Thou maieſt proue falſe at louers
They ſay *Ioue* laughes, oh gentle
If thou doſt loue, pronounce it fa
Or if thou thinkeſt I am too quic
Ile frowne and be peruerſe, and ſa
So thou wilt wooe, but elſe not fo
In truth faire *Montague* I am too
And therefore thou maieſt think
But truſt me gentleman, ile proue
Then thoſe that haue coying to b
I ſhould haue bene more ſtrange,
But that thou ouerheardſt ere I w
My truloue paſſion, therefore par
And not impute this yeelding to
Which the darke night hath ſo di
Ro. Lady, by yonder bleſſed M
That tips with ſiluer all theſe frut
Iu. O ſwear not by the moone th
That monethly changes in her cir

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